The Arqus.

JOHN W. POTTER.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1886

DEMOCRATIC TICKET

STATE.
FOR TRESSURET,
HENRY F. J. RICKER, Er. For Superintendent of Public Instruction FRANKLIN T. OLDT.

Por Concrets WILLIAMIR, NEECE

For Representative JOHN T. KENWORTHY-3 votes

> COUNTY. For County Judge For County Clerk.
> JAMES W. CAVANAUGH

For Sheriff. THOMAS S. SILVIS For County Treasurer. JOHN SCHAPER, JA

AMUSEMENTS.

HARPRE'S TRUNKE-Next attraction, "One of to Bravest," Monday and Tuesday, Oct., 4 and 5.

A GREAT LOCKOUT THREATENED.

Return to the Ten Hour Day.

Chievoo, Oct. 2.—A great lockout at the stock yards has been decided upon some time during this month—about the 15th, it is said—when the packing houses will all close. stock yards has been decided upon some time during this month—about the 15th, it is said—when the packing-houres will all close down and remain closed until the question of eight hours or ten hours is settled. One of the large packers said Friday morning "Trouble is of course expected. It will be a long fight, but we can't run on eight hours with the other hours. So the trouble might as well without exception, the handsomest man she had ever seen. Now as a matter of fact, without exception, the handsomest man she had ever seen. Now as a matter of fact, the well at once as to drag along until we are compelled to shut down by losses. It is likely that several of the houses will start up the conse all as somewhat annusing longue —but otherwise not particularly distin-

Rhode Island Prohibitionists.

ROVIDENCE, R. I., Oct. 2.—The Prohibitions beld a state convention in this city PROVIDENCE, R. L. Oct. 2-The Prohibi-

from all deals and chines. In the First district Albert C. Howard of East Providence was nominated for congress by a vote of 4 cout of 50. Arnold B. Chass of Lincoln received the nomination in the Second district over Thomas H. Peabody of Westerly, Messes, Howard and Chace were formerly Recording to the second district over Thomas H. Peabody of Westerly, Messes, Howard and Chace were formerly Recording to the second district over the second district over Thomas H. Peabody of Westerly, Messes, Howard and Chace were formerly Recording to the second district over the

The decrease since Oct. 1, 1885, aggregates \$13,810,652. The amount outstanding Oct. 1 was \$300,212,152. The comptroller also re-ports an increase in the deposit of legal tender notes during the last month of \$6,527,918, and att increase since October, 1885, of \$28,655,

Drank Balf a Pint of Chloroform. Mt. Vernon, Ohio, Oct. 2 -Mrs. William Greenlee, a young married woman the wife roform, but not knowing how to use it, drank every drop. Dr. R. J. Robinson was summoned in baste and pumped a considera ble quantity of pure chloroform from her stomach. Domestic trouble caused the attenunt. Her recovery is doubtful

A Firm to Jail for Debt.

Circago, Oct. 2.-An application was filed by Attorney George Sawm in Judg-Gresham's court at 11 o'clock Toursday morning, before United States Commissioner Harris, who have been confined three years on a ₹1980 judgment, in favor of William Service, of Wankegan, Wis, Defectionts were dealers in carriages and wagon

Desperate Fight with a Borglar.

ner, a wealthy farmer at Gallmadge town ship, was awakened Thursday night by bear up a rusty old shot gun and a desperate struggle ensued, in which Mr. Skinner broke the un over the head of the burglar. The latter nen opened fire on the farmer, who was fatally injured. The burglar escaped.

Massachusetts Democratic Ticket.

WORCESTER, Mass., Oct. 2 - The full ticket

PLUCK

By JOHN STRANGE WINTER, Author of "Caratry Life," "Bootles' Baby," "Horp La," "A Man of Honor," Etc.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER III. A PEIGNED ATTACK

For to be whe and love seeds man's might, that dwells with gods abov — Teolius and Cressida O tell her, swallow, that thy brood is flown; Say to her, I do but wanton is the worth. But in the north long showing next is made. —The Prince

It was fust four o'clock in the afternoon The garders at Copplethwaits were already very well filled with guests, and more were coming with each moment. The party from Bernardwistle—that it to say, the Ark-wrights (lustand, wife and several children), with the two Lancers, Harkness and Lucy-arrived just as the hour struck. Lucy thought he had never seen Olive look half so lovely as she did that afternoon in so lovely as she did that afternoon, in a gown of creamy muslin and lac, with a great cluster of crimson roses in her bosom.

and with her mother's bangle of rubles upon her arm. The fan which he had given as his hirthday off-ring was in her hand, and his jealous eyes were quick to notice it; his jealous heart gave a great bound of exultant pride that his gift had been singled out from what he knew, by experience, had been a

host of presents.

Poor Lucy! he would have been less ex-

are compelled to shut down by losses. It is likely that several of the houses will start up in a small way on the ten-hour schedule and make the fight."

Twenty thousand people will be degreed to the contrary, was just about as a ferrous the theory of employment by the great lockout. It is expected that they will offer a stubborn resistance, and it is not thought improbable that the fight will lead to bloodshed.

The fight will lead to bloodshed.

The fight will lead to bloodshed.

thousand for the purpose of nominating can blis opinion.

However, as Olive kept rather in the rear lof her mother, that she might gover each newcomer, Lacy betook himself farther have, but regretting that public officials are into the gardens with his sister, on the look-not in sympathy with Prohibition; asserting out the while for the some one who was to that the only place for honest Prohibitionists by the means of bringing the wayward Sally is in the Probibition party; demanding national prohibition; denouncing the old parties for their official attitude toward the Prohibitionsts; deprecating sectional national fibritionists; deprecating sectional national ties, and declaring the freedom of the party

attentions. There was no lack of damsels -Treatest Him as a Trespassor.

New Orleans, Oct. 2 - Louis Brooks is a colored tenant farmer in parish Phagaenine. A few days ago a neighbor got judgments against him on a debt and lovied upon his copy of rice. Constable John Allen we given a warrant against Brooks and ordered to execute it. When he reached Brooks place, the latter told him he would treat him as a trespasser if he entered. Allen relying on his warrant passed through the gate when Brooks pound the contents of a double-barreled shot-gun into him, killing him instantly. The nurderer was arrested lips. dancels who were fair and young, rich and

lips.

Then there was Octavia Long, the clever-Cherogoan, Mich., Oct. 2.—A beavy snow-storm prevailed here for a short time Friday morning, covering the ground with snow. It snowed hard at intervals, but the anow scon disappeared.

Chiros, Iowa, Sept. 2.—It from hare Thursday night. The thermoter reached 2 degrees. Icicles six inches long were seer Friday morning.

Madison, Wis., Oct. 2.—A very genera frost visited Wisconsin Friday night, being specially heavy in this vicinity.

National Financea.

Washinoton Crty, Oct. 2.—The comptroller of the currency reports a decrease wish to first with. Vet Sybilia would not do any better than either of the others; for

specially heavy in this vicinity.

National Finances.

Washington Crty, Oct. 2—The comptroller of the currency reports a decrease during the last month of \$1,157,365 in the amount of antional bank notes outstanding.

Markington Crty, Oct. 2—The comptroller of the currency reports a decrease during the last month of \$1,157,365 in the amount of antional bank notes outstanding.

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Markington Crty, Oct. 2—The comptroller of the currency reports a decrease during the last month of \$1,157,365 in the amount of antional bank notes outstanding. more than a partiality for him, and would certainly take every word he said for gespie; and, indeed, might even go so for as to break her heart outright, a contingency as devoutly to be avoided as breaking his

All at once, however, he hit upon the right person; and as Mrs. Ackwright stopped to speak to a lady, and immediately intro-accel Capt Harkness to her, Lucy, after lifting his hat and making his bow, with the addition of one or two polite common-place remarks, sheered off and made his way to a little group, consisting of an old lady two young ones and a young centleman who was so very young that he did not count for anything at all.

"Good morning, Lady Charlotte," said Lucy, pleasantly. "Fine day, is it not, Miss Baummer How do you do!" to the boy. Then he drew a chair a trille nearer to that of the young lady whom he had first ad-dressed and then sat himself down thereon with considerable care, testing its weigh

shook his head solemnly.
"Miss Baumme," he asked, repreachfully. "Mass fraumme, he asked, reproaching, "what can I evah have done to you that you should be so—er—cwruel as to wish to

Massachusetts Democratic Ticket.

Womenters, Mass, Oct. 2—The full televant mominated by the state Democratic order tone, "Who is that with your sister" "Oh, that is Capt. Harkwas, one of our from Thursday is as follows: Governor, John F. Andrews of Reston, linethmant greaters, and the control of the cont

ring to the band.

"Yes. I think every one knows who wants to know." Olive answered. "Not many people care to dance in the afternoon, but there ple care to dance in the atternoon, but there are some who have driven a long way, and will have to leave rather early, and so we always have it for them."

By this time they had reached the mar-que, the white lace curtains of which were looped up in festoon: to admit of air and light. Over the boarded floor was spread a well-glazed lines cloth, and already three courses were down among a round rese-

a stand-still.

Before that dance had ended an eager Before that dance had ended an eager thrill bad shot like fire through Lauy's heart—a thrill which, expressed in words, would have told that he felt his grand scheme for the cultivation of fealousy was beginning to work. Forthwith he redoubled his attentions to Miss Baumme.

"Shall we go and look for an icet" he suggested, as the music ceased.

"I think we will," said she, deliberately.

"It works," said Lucy to himself, "it works!"

works!"

He had caught a half-puzz'ed expression He had caught a half-puzz'ed expression upon Olive's face as she and Miss Baumme left the marquee; whereupon he led her away with an dir of devotion which decivel everybody but Evelyn Baumme herself. He found her a seat in a shady and retired arbor, where a trayful of ices and a great flogon of champagne cup had been set on a little table, in readiness for any thirsty preses who might happen to come that way. There were two comfortable garden There were two comfortable carden

chairs also; Miss Baumme took one, Lucy the other. "Tois is a wreasonable way of entertain-

any twrouble of any kind; the fellows say because it's so empty, nothing will ever stop in it, not even the effects of bad liquor."

He tested the quality of the cup, and then looked around the arbor.

"This is a vewry cozy kind of place, is in not!" he remarked. "The sort of ones in not!" he remarked. "The sort of ones in not!" he remarked. "The sort of ones in not!" he remarked. tooked around the arbor. "This is a vewry cory kind of place, is it not?" he remarked. "The sort of oasis in the desert you don't often meet with at gar-

den parties."

"Like a good many things the Weylands provide," returned Miss Baumme, as she ate

After this the little flirtation progressed amezingly. The strains of "Mon Reve" stole softly to them on the still summer air, but neither of them moved, except that Lucy filled up his goblet with cup, and Miss Baumme helped berself to another ice. The music coased, but the cup and the ices were slowly consumed. After an interval of a few minutes the music began again-"Lieb! tew minutes the misse regan again—"Lebst und Verleren" this time—but they sat still, this pair, who were both of them playing at love making. But presently, when the slow, winging, dreamy, seductive strains of Waldteufel's "Manola" reached their retreat, Lary looked inquiridgly at his com-panion, and she rose, saying she thought it was time they went back to the world!

"Out of paradise!" ended Lacy, not minded to be outdone in insimating pretty things. However, though they went back to the world, they went back to that part of it world, they went back to that part of it where they could still be together—that is to say, to the manque. There they found three happy couples swinging slowly along in what might be termed ballroom bliss, having a first rate floor, perfect music, plenty of room, and abundance of air.

"Lovely!" said Lucy.

He had not asked her to dance, but somewhat her blessed back of the said to the s

He had not asked her to dance, but some-how his arm slipped round her waist as if by instinct, and they made the tric of couples into a quartet; not, however, before Lucy had had time to notice the astonishment on Olive Weyland's face, and had seen her turn to Harkness with what he felt sure must be a forced laugh.

a forced laugh.
"It works!" be said once more to his own soul in triumph.

He was quite right—it did work, but not dance all the afternoon and all the evening with Evelyn Baumine, provided that he did not raise any objection to her doing the same with Capt. Harkness, if she so chose,

Yet though Harkness-who knew what was what in a woman as well as most men-would willingly have claimed Miss Weyland as his only partner that day, they did not dance very much together after all. There are certain well defined limits to inclination. which go by the names of conventionality and etiquette; those same limits stepped in upon that occasion, as they do on many another, and were, moreover, aided by the fact that Olive was at home, and therefore could that Olive was at home, and therefore could not go in for enjoyment as she might have done had she not been obliged to look after unfortunate people who did not know any one, and still more unfortunate people who did know others of their kind, but were

troubled by shyness and such like uncom-fortable traits of character. But it was during the week which fol-lowed that she and Harkness had such a it was a frail-looking affair of wicker work, and seemed utterly unfit for the responsibility of carrying his goodly allowance of bone and flesh and nursele.

"It will smash, if you don't mind," said Miss Baumme, with a laugh; then added, meschevously, "How I wish it would!"

Lucy looked at her with his wissat air and shook by he had so the said wissat air and shook by he had so the said and singularly value. nose. He was a man whose judgment was singularly valued in the regiment. Years before, Ferrers—better known to the world as Bootles—had taken his advice before all others in the matter of providing for Miss Mignon; and since that officer's marriage— when Lucy bad, naturally enough, fallen a little away from him, or at least from the hourly intercourse with him, he had some you should be so—er—cwrust as to wish to
see me—er—spwrawling ignominiously on
the pansy beds! I—er—warn you solemnly
that if it does come down I shall clutch hold
of your chair and—er—you shall come down
which aforetime Bootles had occupied. Comwhich aforetime Bootles had occupie

which aferstime Bootles had occupied. Con"Oh, I shall bear the warning groan of
yours, and jump up in time," she answered,
with a laugh. Then asked, in quite a different tone, "Who is that with your sider!"

"Oh, that is Capt. Harkness, one of our
officers," Lucy answerel.

"Staying at Barnardwistle?" sail the
"Staying at Barnardwistle?" sail the

For a moment Olive was so astonished that she could secreely believe the evidence of her own senses. A comical idea flashed into her mind; could Evelyn Baumms be the "Sally" of whom he had spoken during the morning! It was not unlikely. He had come to Burnardwist's whenever he could get a few days' leave. Why, how blind she had been not to see it before! Of course it was Evelyn who was the attraction. She turne! away, having come to this conclusion, and encountered Harkness, who had come in search of her.

"They are just tuning up," he said, referring to the band.

"Yer, I think away was the safe and referring to the band.



Harliness in possession of the field. Harkness thought be had never seen a girl show such plack before. He honored her for taking such pains to hide her wound from him, for laughing and flirting with as much

gayety as it be instead of Lucy was the object of her liking. So the game of cross purposes was played on and out. Lucy, when the leave of the two soldiers was over, left Barnardwistic without attempting to have the smallest explanation with O ive, believing that who he should come again she would be all sweet ness and light.

Miss Baumone, having flirted quite a

badly with Lucy as Lucy had done with her, was decidedly relieved when he departed "This is a wreasonable way of entertainment, don't you think?" said Lucy, handing a glass of cup across the table.

"None for me, thanks. I shall confine my attentions to coffee less and sponge biscuit.", she answered. "You may have all the cup if it won't get into your bead."

"My head," said Lucy, "is pwroof against any twrouble of any kind; the follows say because it's so empty, nothing will ever stop for amusements which are qualified in without going through the form of prepra-

self-control; and, as for Olive, she watches him go with a full pain at her heart, tears in her eyes and a wild, mad, passionate longing tearing at her heart to run after him and ery: "Stay, stay, stay; for I love

Yet she did not move from the spot upo which she stood to hear him say "Fare-well!" No matter what women feel, they must ask no question, malo no protesta-tions, show no emotion. Hearts may be breaking, but conventionalities must be ob-served. It is a common social law, and, as a matter of course, Olive did not break it. And yet, during those few days of gavets and amusement, the fortress of Olive Wey-land's heart had struck its flag in complete

surrender, without even waiting until the enemy demanded it. And then, on the pain, the humiliation, the crushing misery of seeing the enemy move quietly off, notapparently thinking the citadel was worth Heigh-he for the noble game of cross-put

CHAPTER IV. CHANGE OF QUARTERS

Oh, how this spring of love resembleth.
The uncertain glory of an April day.
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud take; all away:

—Two Gentlemen of Versita. O'Life and Love! O'hamse thron of thoughts, whose only speech is some O heart of maniferants than not be Bitthe as the air in and as free? —A Pay of Sanshine.

I have not as yet told you that all this happened in the August succeeding the return of the Scarlet Lancers from the Egyp-tian campaign of N2—that is, in the August of the following year—when men had been learning warfare by practice instead of theory, as they used to do in the autumn maneuvers, when those uncomfortable af-fairs were the chief events of the military

Rather to their surprise, late in the October of the same year, the Scarlet Lancers re-ceived their orders to march from Idlarator to Gaystown; and Gaystown was as it happened, just five miles from Bar nardwistle and Copplettwalle, and the largest town within reach of Barndony. Most of the officers were decadfully ag-

grieved, and many were the gibes and joen cast at the powers that be up in Whitehall but Lucy was, at all events, one document

but Lucy was, at all events, one discentions to test the entered into elaborate explanations of his reason for not being so furious as most of the others.

"You see, I know the disturiet," he said, when he first heard the grumbling over the news; "and my—er—sis-tab lives in the—er—neighborhood; and I'm—er—wrather food for each table. f my sis-tah-and-so, of course, I'm wrather glad than otherwise to make the

In truth, it was full of hope and joy that be set out on that long march of four and twenty days; with each one his heart grow lighter and more light. Once Weyland seemed to stand at the end, like a bright bencon star, beckening him on, on, on-

Her face at parting brunted him still.

Many and many a night be had turned into
his quarters and had flung himself down on his cot, worn out and yet unable to sleep or, if he did sleep, was yet more termente restless dreams of Olive's compresse lips, Olive's pale face, Olive's tear-filled eyes. Ob, yes, never doubt that he had seen all the signs of distress which she had contrived to hide from Harkness' less keen eyes. Many and many a bright autumn morning be had reproached himself bitterly, as he resteading with the sun glittering on his helmet and the breeze fanning his face, for not having spoken out and put everything right be-fore leaving Barnardwistle.

However, of one thing he was determined,

and that was, that as some as he saw her again he would speak out and pot every-thing straight between them, be the conse-

queness what they might.

"And after all," he would up to himself. "anything will be better than suspense, both for her and for me; thewre's nothing like

speaking out, and putting evewrything all pwroper and stwraight. His quarters were already in something like order when he reached Gaystown. The barracks were commodious and cleanverything seemed of a rose-tinted bue to nim-and it was with a very light heart in-leed that, the day after his arrival, he found himself riding along the read to the place where his darling lived.

And then came disappointment; for the servant who answered the door informed him stolidly that the family was away from

lemanded, feeling all at ones three or four

can't say exactly where, for I believe they are moving about. Mr. Arkwright would know, or anyone down at the office, as the letters are sent on from there. Miss Wey-land was took ill of a fever in Scotland, and the doctor ordered her to a warmer climate

"A fever! What kind of a fever! Lacy asked, wondering irritably why his sister had never mentioned the fact to him in one of bor voluminous epistles. If he had carefully read those same spistles he would have found in one of them a full account of Olive's illness and slow recovery. But Lucy was, like some other brothers, apt to lay voluminous sisterly correspondents aside to wait for a more correspondent aside to wait for a more control of the country espondence aside, to wait for a more con-

enient season, with the not unfrequent re-uit of forgetting it altogether.

"What kind of a fever?" he repeated.

"Well, sir, it was rheumatic fever, caught. with getting wet and a chill," the servant replied. "Mis: Weyland had a very near chance of being crippled for life—so Mrs. Foster, the 'ousekeper, who went to Scot-land to nurse her, said."

Lucy's heart began to thump furiously. "But she's—that is, Miss Weyland is—all wright now!" he asked, a big and particularly inconvenient knob creeping up his throat, and threatening to choke him.
"Oh, yes, sir, only there's sems doubt whether the young mistress may not have to stop alroad all the winter."
"Wreally?"

"Wreally?"
Then Lucy pulled himself together and put on an air of indifference which he was verv, very fat from feeling.

"Er-well, I'm vewry sorwry-vewry sorwry, indeed. No use heaving er-card, as thewre's no one at home. Er-good-day."

"Good-day, sir," return d the man; then added to him elf, as he watched him ride away from the house; "Uni! I pretty well took the shine cut of 'im, I fancy. Lor'! ow scared he did look!"
Lucy tode out of the rates and turned his

ow scared he did look!"

Lucy tode out of the gates and turned his-herse's head in the direction of Gaystywe without thinking of going near Barnan's wistle. It would have been of small use had he done so, for Mrs. Arkwright was linger-ing at Searborough for the last days of a late season, and if Arkwright chancel to be at home, instead of being out with the noise, we would be down at one of the mills, or at one of his pits, or somewhere or other where Lucy would have no end of trenhie to find him. Moreover, he did not just then feel inclined for conversation, or for intercourse with any of his kind what

for the whole winter, Olive Weyland, after she had been three mosths absent from her native country, and—it may as well be owned at once—siter having heard from Mrs. Arkwright what regiment had taken me its quarters in Gaystown barracks, was secred with such a violent desire to return to Copplethwatte, that, at the beginning of December, her father and mother thought it would be best to bring her home, and did se—sitly, however, on condition that, should the keen air of that neighborhood prove too much for her, she would come away again without making any fuss whatever. And O ive promised.

"I shall not be ill," she declared. "I never was sill at home yet, and I shall not be ill, as he declared. "I never was sill at home yet, and I shall not be ill, as he declared. "I never was sill at home yet, and I shall not be ill, as he declared."

was ill at home yet, and I shall not be ill now; besides, I am dying to be back again. I am sick to death and weary of foreign houses, foreign food, foreign tongues, foreign men, women and children. Let us go home."

Now, as this happened to be exactly her follows:

Now, as this happened to be exactly her follows:

The wear Mrs. Weyland—who was as she had always been, a very good friend to him, and in truth would have liked him as a some

father's opinion and state of feeling, be, too,

said:
"Let us go home."

So home they went; and the first week in December found them again at Coppleth waite, in every-day case and confort.

So high did Oliv's spirit rise that, on the very first morning after their return, she copplediscatte, at se nging in her sweet lark's veice, her old verife:

Ob, when my seven long see its are out, Ob, then I'll marry balls! And, ob, how happaly we'll live! But not in our alley,

"She is much better for coming home; quite her old self, again," observed Murray Wey land to his wife, as the fresh notes rang through the hall. "Ob, quite; she is much better," Mrs. Wey-

Better for coming home! Not a shadow of a doubt about it. Ofters did not feel like he same person; and indeed when, durin; the course of the afternoon, Lucy made his penrance, was so delighted to see him, so neservedly glad and pleased at his pressee, that poor Lucy felt a corresponding sili to that which dved her cheeks flaming in his own, and, poor fellow, fendly believed that the little plan for arousing her jealousy to which he is reserved the past summer had worked well had, in truth, not only grown and floureshed, but had borne fruit a hundred fold.

"You have been ill." he said, taking her band tenderly in his and altogether forgeting to let it go again.
"Ob. yes; very ill; awfully bad. I "Ob, yes; very ill; awfully bad. I thought I was going to die one week," try-ing gently to release her hand.

"But you've better now?"-holding on to "Ob, yee, I'm butter now, quite well, in fact" giving her hand another little

ninded of the hand and that it was ill in his possession, Lucy allowed it to lip from his grasp as far as the tips of the

movement and the frown upon Capt. Locy's hardsome face, sincle a rat, and stuck
like a leech or a ferret, on the chance of
floating out a fresh bit of news with which
to go round the neighborhood the following
day.

Lucy had reason for business.

al for knowing that, if it were possible, Miss Smith would contrive to outstay him. He fairly ground within himself when be saw the lavish afternoon tea which came in in Mrs. Weyland's wake. How he would have essed the sight of the dry bread and but c and thin, watery ten, it was so often his let to meet with in the pretentious society of carrison towns. Alas! alas! the tea was tresh and strong, the cream of the thicke-t, the bread and butter looked delictious and the cake had come from Buzzard's. When Low it wit the general appearance of the testive board. I mean, not that the cake had come from Burgard's—he gave up all hope of costing the enemy. However, by dist of almost turning his back upon her, he did atrive to monopolize Olive, and Olive was

"We are going to have a small-a vewry mail—afternoon dance on Wednesday," leold her, in a confidential tone, that was excell above a whisper. "You will have e formal invitation to-morrow. You'll be

dile to come, I hope."
"Oh, yes, and be very grateful for being isked," answered O.ive, promptly.

"It's a vewry small affair—only about orty," he went on. "You see, so many of he follows are away."

"Yest"

Obves tone was distinctly inquiring.
"Yes, about balf, of course. And, by the
or, Hurkness—you remember him?" "Yes. Onve could scarcely speak, her heart be-gan to best so fast and hard. "Ah! well, he's away, too; been away

thwree weeks or more."

"Oh, really!"
It was well that conventionality came to her aid, as it had done before. Her tone was admirably indifferent; and, indeed, no one who heard it would have gathered from it that the took even a passing interest in that officer. And yet what deadly disappointment filled her heart! How utterly all the delight and glory of homescemed for the moment to have died cut! For the time Olive Weyland found herself "alone, and ourneying in a land of sand and thorns."

effects of her disappointment.

"You will give me some dances?" he asked,
very humbly. "They are all to be rouni
ones. Shall we say thwree waltzes?" look-

ing at her impleringly.

"For you to forget, as you did the last I promisel your" said she, with a laugh—a very shaky sort of laugh, but one bravely unaged for all that. "Forget! As if I could forget anything!"

he began, passionately.
"No! then you didn't forget them?" thinking the while how utterly he had been takes up, about the time of her birthday, with Evelyn Reumma. "That only makes it worse. By the by, have you heard that Miss Baumme is engaged?" Miss Baumone is engaged?"
Lucy laughed.
"Yest and to Jack Downe. He is noise

the best fellow in the world; and how sice

he is!"
"Very!"
Olive thought he was uncommonly cool bout it; but after all, perhaps Evelyn had teld ber. "And how is Eally?" she usked.

"Sally!" Lucy positively started.

"Yes, the Sally you were going to try indousy upon. Den't you remember! Did to answer! I never gave you that locket, with the sall to th

"No!" He had recovered himself by then.
"I'vit you might give it to me now. My
bit the past, you know."
"I will. I'll get it the next time I go to
Gaystown." O we tenied. "But you have
not teld me how is the fair Sally, and how
you are cetting on?"
"Oh, she is all right, I think, now, and we
must cetting on. "No!" He had recovered himself by the

or, she is all right, think now, and we re-retting on vower nicely, thank you; at least, I hope so, "he added modestly." I am glad to hear it," with a little sigh for her own disappointment.

Ou, that sigh! It went through Lucy heart like a sword, though it was a sword of triumph, with a sensation that was half

other side of the room discussing a certain matter of gossip with Mrx Weyland, who was bered to death, but too rolle to show it. Low would promptly, there and then have taken the darling of his heart in his arms, and begged her never, never, never, she had been three months about from the sign like that again.

in law-seeing his evident disappointment asked him very kindly, indeed, to come the following evening; so that he took his way back to Gaystown barracks in a very jubi-

But, oh for the crosses and mortifications of our peer human nature! When he reached copplethwate, at seven clock, the followevening, he found the drawing re-'ull of people, and away went his dream of long and blis fully quiet evening with Office, while Mr. Weyland dear discreed rightly chair, and Mrs. Weyland would conainly remember an all-important letter which he must kindly post for her, which would not take ten minutes to write, thousaf-rom experience he percently found it take at least on bour

theest on hour.

Foor Live! He was quite as disappointed
or a few minutes as Olive had been the
accress day. He buted dinner parties
has where he met the people he did know. ind equally as much these where he mescale whom he had rever seen. He hard new which there him the most world's Sid, even it is was a stiff, staped par-Oxye was there; and Oxye, who had ree-red her sorids by the aid of a few scald rears in the seciusion of her own chamb-and had unmodiately called herself no we hard name, for her folly, was looking evelor than he ever remembered to have seen her, in a rose-colored gown, with great knot of stephanotis bloom upon by

He sat beside her, foo-that was no sm favor. I fear his own young bute found he exclude a not very entertaining personal for twice when she distinctly address him he answered, with studied politices and that wise air of importurbable delibera-tion which distinguished him in genera-society, "Ex-yes" and three times "Aw-"An awful duffer!" said the young lady
who was of a stangy turn, to her a ster, when
discussing the party afterwards. 'Very
good-look og, and with lovely eyes, but such

stip from his grasp as far as the tips of the fingers, and then, by a bright inspiration, made a remark which justified him in keeping it for quite ten minutes longer.

"Flut you were vewry thin," he exclaimed, in commiserating accents. "Your hand is like a skeleton—nothing but skin and hone."

"Well, it is rather thin, certainly," admitted Olive, looking down upon it with a comical air, and then laughing outright at the contrast it presented to his strong, well-covered one.

Lucy was just going to say, "I wish you would give it to me, thin or not," when the lost opened and the lutter amounted "Miss Smith," so Chive withdraw her hand hassily com his and he maked, of meaning and door opened and the butler announced "Miss Smith." so Olive withdrew her hand hastly from his, and he, instead of proposing, said, "Cone found?" to himself.

We'l be might, for he knew Miss Smithmo one better, who did not live in her vicinity. And really for that afternoon say persual convertation was alterable at a most light of the might, for he will be to the original to the press which were no figure of the might be to be a substitute of the might be might of the m

> bright colors and tints in which the circle inciden's were painted.
>
> We have all had those fair visions at some time or other of our span—the span which, for so many, is made up chi-fly of sordal and eaching cares. They are very lovely, some call them eastles in the air!

(To be continued.) The poor sufferer that has been do ing himself with so-cailed Troches and thereby upset his stomach without cur ing the troublesomes cough, should take our advice and use at once Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup and get well

John Hatton, who lately died in Eugland, was the author of "Good-By Sweetheart, Good-By."

W. W. Reed, druggist, of Winchester Ind., writes: "One of my customers, Mrs. Louisa, Pike, Bartonia, Randelph Co., Ind., was a long sufferer with con-sumption, and was given up to die by her physicians. Sie heard of Dr. King's New discovery for consumption, and lic-gan buying it for me. In six months time she walked to this city, a distance of six miles, and is now so much improved she has quit using it. She feels she owes her life to it." Free trial bottle at Hartz & Bahnseu's Drug store

Mr. Gladstone's bit of a book on the

Joel Chandler Harris, the "Uncle Renus" of the Atlanta Constitution, is in poor health and has been forced to seck

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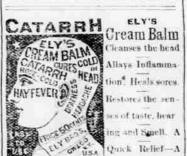
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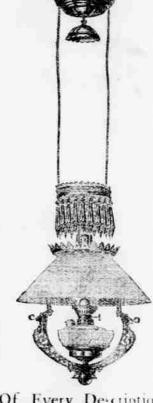
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treater of the estate of Charles P. Swammer,
cessed, for leave to sell real estate of said
cessed, I shall on the 2d day of October
D. 1880, between the hours of ten in the f J. 1896, between the hours of ten in the age and five in the afferences of "aid day enable sale to the highest and best bidder, at north door of the court house in said court; cal extate described as follow, to aid. Lot Stoff Mrs. E. S. Webber substitution of so wenty-there (25), and the section before the adjusting the court of the section between the court of the section between the section between

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Dated this 4th day of September, A. D. S.
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Administrator of the estate of Charles - St

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